

August by Faraheim

Series: [Tumblr words \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

Billy tries not to fall apart.

August

It's August and almost a year since they met. A few months since they started this *thing* and Billy is *tired*.

Tired of his dad and everything that entails. He's tired every time he has to go back to his house. He's done. But he has to go back and face his dad and get yelled at and get hit. Has to lower his head and say: yes Sir.

It's not even the first time he bleeds because his dad pushed him against something sharp.

So he's shocked when it happens.

Some dam broke. Billy has all this emotion now. The anger is gone. Gradually vanished when Steve started being *Steve* to him.

So it's not a surprise he *starts* but he can't control it. Before he could exhale and ignore his red rimmed eyes and the moisture. Swallow everything and not cry.

When Steve is cleaning the blood off. Kisses the corner of his mouth and just looks at him. Steve is not even smiling. Which is Billy's favorite. Steve is frowning at the injury, like that'll make it go away.

When Steve notices he's looking at him he smiles and Billy feels broken beyond repair. Carefully held tightly in Steve's hands like something valuable. Like something you can still put back together.

Billy doesn't know where he would be today if he hadn't apologized. If Steve wasn't so nonchalant about getting beat up to an inch of his life. Billy doesn't want to think what today would look like if Max hadn't stopped him.

In the next moment a tear falls and then it's not stopping. Hot tears fall down his face and he can't stop. He tries to dry them with the palm of his hand and can't.

He sobs because it's hard. It's awful and he can't understand *why* his dad can't just leave him alone.

He's happy now but he can't be fully happy and he hates it.

Steve stays quiet and holds him in his arms and Billy can't stop. He feels so *awful* he doesn't think it will ever stop.

Can't see an end where he can just be himself and breathe without having to listen if his dad is near, constantly editing himself around his dad. Useless because it doesn't matter. The only way Neil can be happy is if Billy writes himself out of existence.

Billy hides in the crook of Steve's neck getting his shirt wet with tears and snot. Steve's only response is to caress his back and hug him. Anchoring Billy to this moment.

"I'm so fucking tired, baby" he says but it's choppy and bawly like a little kid.

"I know" Steve just holds him and kisses his shoulder. It feels nice. Billy wishes he could bottle the feeling and drink it at home.

When he's calmer Steve untangles from him and looks at him searching and slow. Steve is very careful with him. Like Billy is something he needs to mend softly and deftly.

"I'm sorry" Billy snuffles and it comes out nasally and gross, shrugs. It's not Steve's problem that he's a mess. "I don't know why- I just can't fucking stand it anymore"

"You shouldn't have to. Your dad is shitty Billy"

Yeah he knows. There's not much he can do about it. Then Steve cleans the tears with his knuckles. Kisses his eyelashes and Billy feels stupid. Feels like his heart will fly off, if Steve keeps being this nice. Steve is so different. Billy can't place him as King Steve anymore. Can't believe he ever looked for it.

He stays in place knowing he should put something cold on his face. He doesn't want to move.

His eyes will be puffy but if he gets there after Neil goes to bed, he can put something cold on his face and avoid having to explain why he was crying.

Billy has to go back to his house where the monster awaits but now he has a home to come back to.